The Liberalist

Volume XXXVI OCTOBER, 1959 Number 7

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Out of the Vast

Out of the vast comes nearness;
For the God whose love we sing
Lends a little of His Heaven
To every living thing.

There's a part of the sun in the apple,
There's a part of the moon in a rose;
There's a part of the flaming Pleiades
In every leaf that grows.

—August Wright Bamberger

HEAR

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Sunday Evening, November 1, 7:00 P.M.

on

"PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE POPE"

Not Broadcast

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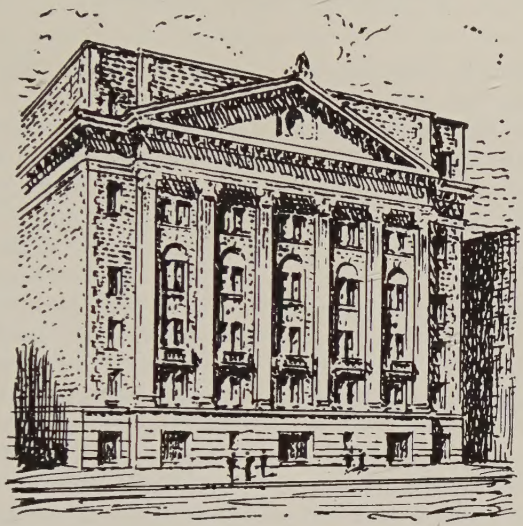

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

ALTHOUGH it is more than two weeks since our opening Sunday, I am still living in the glow of the beautiful and inspiring opening service which we had for this church year. After all of these years in which I have given of my time and energy countless times to various activities, organizations and societies in the metropolitan area of Chicago, to be greeted by a congregation of over 1200 people was an experience I shall never forget. Although I am speaking constantly, and have been for nearly half a century, I never have overcome a certain amount of nervousness which I feel before every address or sermon.

I cannot describe adequately just what the feeling is. Sometime I hope I shall have time to really analyze it and see if I can make others understand just what I experience. When the first note of the processional is sounded at the Sunday morning service it begins to express itself.

Our magazine goes all over the United States and to many places abroad, and necessarily many readers have never seen our church or attended a service. To those of you who are not familiar with the church and our order of service, I think perhaps you would be interested in a description of it. Our choir is a vested choir, and ten minutes before the processional, our organist, Mrs. Cathryn Bennett, plays a prelude. The engineer and the equipment from broadcasting station WLS are located with me in the vestry room at the right of the pulpit. He signals me a 30 second warning and at the end of the 30 seconds I press a button which lights a light on the organ console. This is the signal for the organist to begin our processional. The members of the choir are standing in the foyer of the church, at the opened doors of the two main aisles, on the main floor. With the first note of the processional they begin their singing.

The processional we use is the theme song of our broadcast when we first went on the air 36 years ago. Mr. Dewitt Durgan Lash, who was our Director of Music, used this number on the first broadcast, and it has become identified with the church service broadcast. It is by the internationally recognized composer, George B. Nevin. The listeners know, when they hear this processional that they are tuned to the church and the station. The doors of the vestibule are open, the choir enters on the two main aisles, singing all the way until they reach the choir loft. The processional has a certain lilt and rhythm and yet is of a dignified and worshipful character. I record in my study at home the entire service each Sunday, and sometime during the week I play back the entire service so I am able to hear the service under the same conditions under which our radio listeners hear it. I have learned many things from listening to the service. I wish every minister could have the opportunity of hearing his entire service.

The value of having the same processional Sunday after Sunday has been well authenticated by the reactions from radio listeners. The congregation has heard it so long that I notice, through my observation point in the vestry, they join in heartily as well, in singing it, although they remain seated until I enter the pulpit and read the opening sentences. I usually select

opening sentences which are in the nature of an invitation to worship. They are changed every Sunday, but they conclude with our Affirmation of Faith. Perhaps some of our listeners do not know what our Affirmation of Faith is and I shall include it here: We all rise and say together:

"We believe in the beauty of tolerance, the quest of truth, the path of love, the goal of character, the life of service and the fellowship of the church." Then, without announcement, the morning hymn follows immediately.

When I enter my vestry before every service, and wait for the signal from the radio engineer, I have this feeling of nervousness, although I sometimes doubt whether that accurately describes the feeling; but whatever it is, it is always present. I enter every service as though it were the first I had ever held. I always feel that myself and the church are on trial, and that there is someone in the congregation who is bringing us a challenge, and whatever the past laurels may have been, or the achievements of other years, this is the most important moment, and the service we are about to begin is the most important service we have ever held.

The danger of all ritualism it seems to me is the danger of monotony; that by constant repetition of words, phrases and prayers the vitality of the truth which they contain may be lessened. So in our church we try to vary our service of worship—not so much in its format as in its content. The old clichés of religion, the trite, bromidic phrases, are eliminated as much as possible, giving, we believe, a freshness and crispness to our service which seems to be appreciated by hundreds of people through the years.

The opening service this year was one of the finest we have had, and it has been a powerful incentive for me. The challenge of our modern life, in its assault upon the spiritual sensitiveness of mankind creates an opportunity for those who believe in the permanency of the ideal and the reality of good; one of the greatest opportunities religion has ever had. There were people at the opening service from Milwaukee, Racine, Joliet, Streator and other places in the metropolitan area. Many states were represented and three foreign countries.

My opening subject, "Trust the Captain," was not a travelogue sermon of my experiences, but rather an appeal that there is a divine personality in whom, as we face the future and its problems, we can trust. Instead of trying to put my experiences of the summer and the reactions from various episodes which took place into one sermon or two, I am going to use the experiences throughout the autumn and winter, without any reference to their chronological position, but as they illustrate some subject about which I am preaching.

* * *

When I first went to Europe in 1914, it was considered an event for an American to go to Europe, and when one came home many were anxious to hear about it. Lecturers on European visits were popular. Nowadays, because of the facilities of transportation and many other factors, thousands of Americans visit Europe every year. There were more than a million Americans in Europe last year. So, unless one is able to analyze and interpret what one sees with a distinct approach, the fact that one has just been to Europe has very little interest appeal.

In the travels which I make I am not so much interested in the obvious things which seem to interest a great many Americans, as I am in trying to detect the subterranean currents which are running through the lives of people.

This means that one must familiarize himself with a variety of people in wide areas of the social strata, so I try to meet and talk with as many people as I can.

It is more true today than it has ever been that all the problems are world problems; that every problem of each individual nation is directly interwoven with the problems of every other nation. Communication and transportation have been the instruments which have brought about this situation. It never was more important to take the long look. It never was more important to understand the interrelatedness of all cultures, all nationalisms, all religions.

Quite apart from seeing the art, the buildings, the historical monuments and the places that everyone who goes to Europe ought to see, I am much more interested in meeting the personalities who are a part of the contemporary scene. I have a great appreciation of the historical and of the artistic and I avail myself of every opportunity to see the cultural heritage of man, but on this last trip I was tremendously more interested in meeting personalities and talking with people who are making tomorrow's history and are living through the confusion of our time.

* * *

This is a good place for me to make a great apology to every reader. You will recall in last month's Liberalist I spoke of visiting the English cemetery which is Swiss territory. The proof reader did not catch the error, for it was in Florence and not in Rome at all, as stated in the last Liberalist. The English cemetery is not in Rome, but in Florence. I appreciate very much the many letters which I have had from readers who called my attention to the error. I did not have an opportunity of reading the Liberalist or I certainly would have detected it myself. So, in the article where the word Rome occurs in describing this incident, the word should be Florence. Not only are Theodore Parker and Elizabeth Barrett Browning buried in the Swiss territory in Florence, but also the great poet and sometime fellow at Oriel College, Oxford, Arthur Clough. Standing at the tombs of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Rossini and Galileo is an experience which gives one a sense of history. While I stood gazing at two of the world's most famous pictures, Leonardo da Vinci's "Annunciation" and "Adoration," time seemed to disappear and again I had a sense of history.

* * *

Those who know me and of our work know how deeply interested I am in the personality, philosophy and work of Dr. Albert Schweitzer; and this year Dr. Herbert M. Phillips, who is the President of the Albert Schweitzer Education Foundation, when he learned I was to be in Europe, wanted me to see two or three people who are likewise interested in Dr. Schweitzer. He gave me several letters of introduction, most of which I was able to use. One of them was to Dr. George Seaver, Dean of Kilkenny Church of Ireland, and lecturer in Trinity College. I called Dr. Seaver at his club, 22 St. Stephen's Green, in the city of Dublin. He very graciously received me on the Saturday before the Sunday I preached in Dublin. I spent three hours with him on that morning and they will remain unforgetable in my memory—a man of quiet charm, of profound culture, sympathetic understanding, deep spiritual penetration, kindly, and yet with the strength of great conviction. I could well understand why Dr. Seaver would be so interested in Dr.

Schweitzer. Of the many people I have talked to who seem to have some confusion in their minds about the theological position of Dr. Schweitzer, Dr. Seaver was the most lucid and understanding.

The phrase "Reverence for Life," which is identified with Dr. Schweitzer and will always be, is amenable to wide translation. I have met some students of Dr. Schweitzer who seem to me to have missed what Dr. Schweitzer had in mind. Dr. Seaver is not one of those. I have thought many times since our conference how valuable it would have been if that conference could have been recorded. However, various places in America are going to have the opportunity of meeting Dr. Seaver, for he is coming very soon to the United States on a lecture tour under the auspices of the Albert Schweitzer Education Foundation. I hope it will be possible for him, as he expressed the hope to me, to appear in our church in a public lecture. At the moment his itinerary is not sufficiently complete to give the exact time of his appearances here, but if you have an opportunity to hear Dr. Seaver, do not miss him. His approach is somewhat unique and impressive. I am delighted to have met him and I am confident that our meeting will deepen into a ripened friendship. He is in heart and spirit and mind just the kind of individual you would expect one to be who understands the spirit of "le grand Doctur."

* * *

I did not have space in last month's issue to mention my delightful visit and renewal of friendship with the Rev. Sidney Spencer, Minister of the Unitarian Church in Bath and in Trowbridge, England, and Mrs. Spencer. It is always a delight for me to visit the ancient and historic city of Bath, and to preach in Mr. Spencer's pulpit.

I arrived in Bath on a Saturday afternoon and was met at the train by the Spencers. We have often been their guests and their graciousness and hospitality are always enjoyed and appreciated.

Those of us who live in Chicago are familiar with the Pump Room. The original Pump Room is in the city of Bath. Here of course were the very ancient Roman Baths, and they are in a state of excellent preservation.

This year I stopped at the Royal York Hotel which was built in 1759. A list of the former guests of the hotel will give you an idea of its historical background and of the feeling I had as I slept under its roof, for here slept Disraeli, Hawthorne, O'Connell, Keane, Jenny Lind, Dickens, Ruskin, Irving and many other illustrious people.

The Trimm Street Chapel is not far from the Roman Baths and was built in 1795 and has been used continuously as a kind of workshop. It was a thrilling experience for me to stand in that ancient pulpit. The Reverend Sidney Spencer, the resident minister, was formerly at Liverpool, and was Principal of Manchester College, Oxford. He is an author and his wife is a poet. The weekend which I spent with them this year was one of the pleasantest of the entire summer.

We also renewed our friendship with Mr. Edmund Wesley Peacock, who is a student at Kingswood School in Bath and whose father is a distinguished Methodist clergyman in the City of Portsmouth, England. He honored us by his presence at Trowbridge and is typical of the fine type of young men who are coming into leadership in England.

* * *

I must mention before we close this article, the experience that I had in meeting another friend of Dr. Schweitzer, through Dr. Phillips—Mr. Emil

Mettler, who is the proprietor of the York Mansions Restaurant in Westminster, near the Parliament buildings. Mr. Mettler is a warm personal friend of Dr. Schweitzer and also was a friend of Dr. Einstein. Every time Dr. Schweitzer comes to London, Mr. Mettler entertains him. He, too, has the Schweitzer spirit and I enjoyed his hospitality and shall never go to London without renewing our acquaintance. He is a spiritually minded man and was a great joy to meet.

* * *

Speaking of hospitality, I must express my great appreciation to Mr. Arthur Rubloff, one of Chicago's most distinguished business men and realtors who is responsible for the "Million Dollar Mile" on Michigan Avenue. He gave me an introduction to Les Ambassadeurs, Park Lane, Mayfair, in the City of London. It is one of the finest clubs I have ever been in and the letter from Mr. Rubloff which I presented there, opened the doors for a most memorable experience. I invited to luncheon there with me Mr. Frank Hearle, who was one of the original founders of the De Havilland Corporation, manufacturers of aircraft, and who now lives in a beautiful home in Busby Heath, not far from London. Mr. Hearle invited us to his home for Afternoon Tea, which was most enjoyable, with fresh raspberries from his own garden—a beautiful English home with a thatched roof.

* * *

Well, we have run out of space. I hope you will be with me next month, as we continue our ramblings "Along the Way." Keep looking up!

UPTOWN BOYS CLUB TO BENEFIT FROM CONCERT IN PEOPLES CHURCH

Friday evening, October 23rd, in the auditorium of the Peoples Church, the chorus of Continental Casualty Insurance Company will present a concert under the auspices of the Ways and Means Department of the Woman's Club. Mrs. Hulda Winbaugh is Chairman. It is planned to devote a large part of the proceeds to our own community Uptown Boys Club. Purchase your tickets from church office or any member of the Woman's Club. $1.50.

FIRST RUMMAGE SALE OF THE 1959-60 SEASON

The Woman's Club will hold its first rummage sale of the season in Anderson Hall of the church, Tuesday and Wednesday, October 13 and 14.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

I went into a beautiful store in Cologne, Germany. It was a store of fine optical instruments, precision instruments, lenses, and so forth. I wanted to get a little screw for my camera. After the gentleman had waited on me, I said to him: "Young man, how do you do it in Germany? I have seen the city of Cologne in rubble twice in my lifetime—twice! With nothing sticking out except the tower of the Cologne Cathedral. But here you are now, becoming competitors of the world, until the phrase 'Made in Germany' will become again, and is rapidly becoming the economic passport to the world! How do you do it?"

He looked at me and smiled. He said: "You are an American, I assume?" I said "Yes." "Well," he said, "you will not like what I am going to say!" I said: "It doesn't make any difference whether I like it or not. It may be good for me!" He smiled again and said: "I'll tell you why we're rebuilding the Federal Republic of Germany, and I'll tell you why these factories are booming; I'll tell you why we're having a complete renaissance commercially and industrially." He said: "We are not watching a clock and we are not striking!"

I thought: "What a message for an economically disturbed America in this hour!" Clock-watching! Go into an office, and before we get under way we have to have a coffee-break. Losing hours and hours! It's true if you'll stop and analyze it. We're squandering a lot of creative time in American industry, and we haven't much time to catch up! This thing is now beyond the realm of just smugness and complacency and apathy. We haven't much time to catch up! Strikes! Strikes! Why, when I think of an economic situation in which one of the basic industries of this country, iron and steel, is jeopardized, what can the Free World and the underprivileged of the Free World, who are struggling and trying to see the light of freedom and love, what can they think about us? What is the psychological effect upon this whole democratic ideology when all we can think of is our own self-interest?

Opening Service
48th Year

"TRUST THE CAPTAIN"

Sermon by Dr. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago
SEPTEMBER 20, 1959

NOW you would expect the first word from me this morning to be the word which I am going to give. I am not going to preach a travelogue sermon this morning. I'm not putting all of my eggs in one basket. I have had so many delightful and interesting experiences this summer that I am not going to attempt to put them in one sermon. I'm going to distribute them, I hope logically, throughout the entire winter because this summer, unusually so, has been a summer in which my contacts and the associations which I have had with people in the visitation which I made to Ireland and to England, to France, Italy, Spain and to Northern Africa have been such that I can't possibly do it within the confines of one sermon. So don't expect me to preach a travel lecture this morning or any other morning. I'm going to use all of these experiences and they will blend themselves into the general fabric in which I shall attempt to share with you the experiences of these past weeks. But the first word that I must say, because it represents the imperative of my heart, is one of gratitude. I never leave American shores and go out into the tractless sea, as we bid goodbye to the Ambrose Lightship and the bow of our ship turns toward the other side of the world but what I commit myself, my family, my loved ones and my church into the hands and into the heart of that Divine Power which is above us all. I always do that! And so, having returned safe, after fifteen thousand miles, some of it somewhat hazardous travel, meeting most unusual personalities, as I stand in this beloved place which I love as I love my life, and to which I have given my life and the best years of my life, years that will never come back to me, my heart is filled with gratitude: not one moment of illness; not one moment of distress, either of body or soul; every danger successfully encountered; no accidents in which I was a participant or which I saw, on the whole journey. Everything working in harmony; everything working consonant with the ideals and purposes of my voyage: the reunion which I had with countless friends on the other side of the Atlantic (whom I only see once a year) and who see in me, as I see in them, the inevitable changes of time. Always inevitable! Time never stops! From hour to hour and day to day it's doing something to you and it's doing something to me—it never stops. So when you only see people once a year they are able to judge what's happened to you and you're able to judge what's happened to them. Sometimes, when we're so close together in our daily contacts, we don't notice what's happening to our friends and we don't notice what's happening to our loved ones! We are so close to things, we lose a sense of perspective, and sometimes one has to get away, even from those one loves, institutions one loves in order to create again that new perspective which is

so necessary! And so my heart is filled with gratitude this morning that I am safely back again in our beloved church, looking into the faces of hundreds of people whom I have known through the years and with whom I have shared heartaches, tears and laughter; with whom I have experienced all the heights and the depths of life! I never enter this pulpit or face a microphone or a television camera (which I am going to do this winter) with anything but a deep sense of responsibility! We are in an hour, my dear friends, when we've got to stop playing around the edges and we've got to come to terms, realistically, with what's happening in our modern world! And I've never faced the duties of the winter with a greater sense of responsibility! And why? What is the most powerful thing in a democratic society? High buildings? Ridiculous! Lines of shimmering steel to carry the commerce of a nation? Ridiculous! Factories? Ridiculous! Great materialistic achievements in the world of comfort and security and the gadgetry of our modern life? Ridiculous! What is the most important factor in a democracy? Public opinion! Public opinion is the most important agency in a free society! And the man, the newspaper, the commentator, the editor, the clergyman, the teacher, who have the responsibility of creating public opinion are the most important factors in a democratic society! That's the most important thing: the opportunity of creating public opinion! And why? Because in a democracy public opinion always leads to action! Always! Every nation and every culture and every civilization of the world responds to public opinion! That is why the most astute observers of the contemporary scene on the international field are very definite in their effort to analyze the motives of men and nations who are creating public opinion! That's why it's so important! Therefore I feel that responsibility this winter and this autumn as I have never felt it! I'm going to tell you more about that as I discuss concretely our visitor of the moment, Mr. Khrushchev, who will be in America next Sunday while I am giving that address. I'm going to talk about him and the moon, but I'm going to have something to say about a star. He may be a good authority on moons, but he doesn't know much about stars! Next Sunday morning we're going to talk about that theme.

This morning I wanted to undergird it with the foundation and the basic principle in creating the analogy between life and a ship, and the captain of that ship. In all of my more than forty-five times crossing the Atlantic Ocean and other parts of the globe, I always make it a point, as early in the voyage as I can, to see and, if possible, meet the captain. He's the first man I want to meet: I don't care much about the gossiping at table with the people with whom you eat; I don't care much about what goes on, on the ship, but I do get a basic impression when I see the captain, and it's my good fortune to know many captains on the Atlantic, many of them. It has been my good fortune to have met them intimately, in the society of the ship, and it was our good fortune to be entertained by them in England, particularly Captains of the Cunarders, the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth. I've broken bread with them in their own homes by their own firesides ashore. I learn something from the basic quality and character of the man, when I know the Captain, that either creates for me a feeling of comfort and of safety out there in that restless deep called the ocean, or the opposite. It's like the lady who was in a great storm. She was very much con-

cerned about it—frightened! I've never been frightened at sea: I've been concerned! I remember once going in a little ship of less than four thousand tons from Reykjavik, Iceland to Bergen, Norway on a yacht that was formerly the private yacht of the German Kaiser and was built in the United States and was christened by Alice Nicholas Longworth, the daughter of President Theodore Roosevelt. I remember that journey from Reykjavik, Iceland to Bergen, Norway, which normally takes just a matter of two or three days, and we were at it about seven. And that little ship was up there where the ocean currents meet and toss and twist and twirl. I slept on my stateroom floor with my baggage on one side of me and up against the door —you couldn't stay in your berth. I used to go out in the middle of that storm and watch that little ship. Passengers about me—some of them were almost hysterical and frightened. And one passenger said to me: "Well, you don't seem to be worried about this thing!" I said: "No, I'm not worried." He said: "Why?" I said: "I know the captain!" The captain was an old Norwegian who had sailed the seas for sixty years and could take a boat anywhere there was a heavy dew! He could do it! I knew the captain. And this woman ran up and she looked all over the ship in the storm and she came back and she said: "I can't find the captain! I don't think we've got any!" I said: "Oh, yes, I know where he is!" because I knew that for three days he had been getting a snatch of sleep an hour or fifteen minutes at a time on a cot in the wheelhouse of the ship! He never left the bridge! Never! I said: "I know the captain!" And another one came running back in another Atlantic storm and she said: "I feel alright now. I just worked my way up to the bow of the ship and I turned around and I looked up at the pilot house and the captain smiled! Now I feel better. I think we'll make it!" And it just led me into the thought of the sermon, this morning: "Trust the Captain!"

Your life is a ship. So is mine. The analogy is perfect and complete. Every ship must have a captain—no ship sails without a captain and no ship sails for any port in the world without orders. When from the bridge the whistle is blown to "let go the lines" and the captain has a chart, he knows where he's going. Your life is like that. Mine is like that, too. And when I looked into the faces this summer of Haile Selassie and into the face of General DeGaulle and into the face of Pope John XXIII, I thought of this analogy. I'm going to speak to you about that experience one of these days, it will take a long, long time to tell it all, but every experience that I have had has only brought more vividly to me the fact, that if we haven't a captain we can trust, we had better leave the ship at the first port or get a new captain, for he is the source of security! If you haven't a captain in your life who is the dominating, ruling imperative of your life, who conditions, implements, and controls your destiny in the sea of the world's troubles, that is tragedy! A captain you can trust!

One never feels as infinitesimal as on the sea! Never! I stood on the deck of a ship just a little while ago and saw rising out of the mists of the Mediterranean, where the great mighty surge of the Atlantic meets it, the Rock of Gibraltar. I had never seen the Rock of Gibraltar and I was told that it would materialize out of the night in the early dawn. I was almost the only passenger up before daylight that morning. The rest had just turned over for the second hour's sleep, for they didn't get to bed until after four! But

there was Gibraltar! And as I stood and looked at that bastion that has faced the tempests of sky and water for millions and millions and millions of years, I understood why a great insurance company in America (The Prudential Insurance Company) has a slogan: "As strong as the Rock of Gibraltar!"

Have you a Rock of Gibraltar in your life? Is there something so solid and strong that nothing, no wind, no adversity, no lightning, no earthquake, nothing can rob you from the beautiful tranquility of noble living? Have you a captain so dominatingly perfect in his technique and grasp and understanding of life, who has shared every experience with you, for all captains, particularly of the better passenger lines that sail the seas, do not just happen to be captains. The Captain of the Queen Elizabeth didn't say one morning: "I guess I'll be Captain of the Queen Elizabeth!" No, he had to spend a long lifetime at sea: going to sea when he was sixteen, spending forty-five years facing the elements, then in the course of the promotional system of the Cunard Line he wakes up one morning and he's Commodore of the Queen Elizabeth and, at the conclusion of his necessary sixty-three years of life, will be knighted by the Queen of England! But he trained for the captaincy, and with none of them did it come easy!

That's one of the basic principles that so many of us in this modern world don't want to face! We want success by magic; we want success overnight; we want success without sacrifice; we want somebody to hand us success; we want it by fiat—and success never comes that way! Never! No captain on the bridge ever started as a captain! You can analyze the lives of every man and every woman who has achieved greatness and has been a contribution to society, and you cannot explain them in the hour of glory, not in the moment of fame, that doesn't explain them! You can only explain them when you see the years of sacrifice and the hands of labor and of toil, and the heartaches of growing and developing! That's the only explanation for the captain! And the Captain of my soul and the Captain of men's souls went through the same experience! One of the most attractive and most powerful things about Jesus is that you can't have a temptation and you can't have a problem and you can't have a heartache and you can't have a tear and you can't have a disappointment that He didn't have! Not one!

If we could only get underneath all the baggage of Christianity, all that Mr. Emerson called the mumps and measles of Christianity, if we could only get away from the quarreling and fighting over creeds and dogmas, ceremonies and rites, if we could only get away from all the baggage that has accumulated around Christianity through the centuries and see the Captain again in His simplicity and understanding, the Captain who took a little child on His knee, the Captain who was denied fatherhood and never knew what fatherhood meant, but He took that little child and as He pressed His lips against the velvet cheeks of that child, He said: "Except you become like one of these you will never enter the Kingdom!" We've made Him everything else, the Captain, but there He stands on the bridge of life, the chart is before Him, He has faced every storm Himself and the integrity of His ship is unquestioned! The Captain on the bridge! The Captain! Do you know your Captain? Have you met Him? Have you had a good, honest talk with Him in the quiet and alone, away from everybody? Your Captain! If you haven't, have one

with Him in a friendly, intimate sort of way. Doesn't matter whether you kneel or stand up; it doesn't matter whether you crossed yourself or not; it doesn't matter at all! Just say: "Captain of my soul, I want to talk my life over with you a little bit." You visit with Him. And the poet has said it:

O Maker of the Mighty Deep
Whereon our vessels fare,
Above our life's adventure keep
Thy faithful watch and care.
In Thee we trust, whate'er befall;
Thy sea is great, our boats are small.

Beyond the circle of the sea,
When voyaging is past,
We seek our final port in Thee;
O bring us home at last.
In Thee we trust, whate'er befall;
Thy sea is great, our boats are small.

Admiral in the Navy!

ON September 17th, in the Cornhusker Hotel, at Lincoln, Nebraska, Dr. Bradley addressed the Nebraska Real Estate Association.

On this occasion Dr. Bradley was made an "Admiral in the Great Navy of the State of Nebraska." The document which attests to this signal honor, given only to famous people, is signed by the Governor Ralph G. Brooks, and is attested with the Governor's Seal of the State of Nebraska.

At the top of the imposing looking document is the sea, with Neptune almost submerged in the water, with a sailing ship visible, with anchors and a compass in view. Also an imprint of the Great Seal of the State of Nebraska March 1st, 1867.

In the body of the document it states that "Reposing special trust and confidence in the Patriotism, Valor, Fidelity and Abilities of

PRESTON BRADLEY

and knowing him to be a good fellow and a loyal friend and counselor, I have nominated and do appoint him an Admiral in the Great Navy of the State of Nebraska. He is therefore called to diligently discharge the duties of Admiral by doing and performing all manner of things thereto belonging. And I do strictly charge and require all officers, seamen, tadpoles and goldfish under his command to be obedient to his orders as Admiral—and he is to observe and follow, from time to time, such directions as he shall receive, according to the rules and discipline of the Great Navy of the State of Nebraska. This commission to continue in force during the period of his good behavior, and the pleasure of the Chief Admiral of the Great Navy of the State of Nebraska."

At the bottom of the scroll is printed the Ship of State, which is a covered wagon, with four cannon mounted at the side, and an officer of the Navy looking out the round door-opening at the front, and a seaman fishing out of a side porthole. In the background is the State Capitol, with a cornshock in the foreground.

In the State of Kentucky, the Governor sometimes confers a like honor on famous people who visit their State, making them Colonels instead of Admirals.

We are happy that the State of Nebraska, through its Governor Ralph G. Brooks, has conferred this great honor on our own Dr. Bradley.

BOOK CHATS

IN 1911 Dugald Semple wrote *Living in Liberty*, a book which he says was well reviewed by the press. He began living in what he called Liberty in 1907. Now, in the year 1959, Dr. Bradley has brought home with him from Scotland, this author's latest published book, *Joy in Living*, which he has autographed for Dr. Bradley thus:

To Dr. Preston Bradley,
In appreciation of your good work,
From a Scot's Admirer,
Dugald Semple
Rose Cottage,
Fairlie,
Scotland, 24th June, 1959.

Mr. Semple has had ten books published, is now writing another, and has written four booklets. His books include *Living in Liberty, Joys of the Simple Life, Life in the Open, A Free Man's Philosophy, Looking at Nature, Diet and Good Health, Be Your Own Doctor, Home Cures for Common Ailments, The Sunfood Way to Health* and *Joy in Living*. This last book is an autobiography. It is published by William Maclellan, 240 Hope Street, Glasgow.

I read the book from cover to cover and found it well worth while. It was worth while to me because here I read of one who had the courage of his convictions—not only against parental disapproval and disagreement, but in spite of those who might call him a "crank." He believed something and set about to prove his belief by actually living it. This he says is the great thing in all reform—to live it. He has lived to win the respect of his family and of a great many people. He has met many of the great hearts of the world, including Gandhi! In 1938 he was appointed a delegate to the Congress of the International Vegetarian Union in Norway. He gave an address to that Congress on "Vegetarianism and World Peace." He was later appointed Vice President of the International Vegetarian Union. He is the Honorable President of the Scottish Society of the I. V. U.

In speaking of Paris, Dugald Semple says "The French make too much of Napoleon and the Unknown Soldier, and would be better in commending their youth to the wisdom of Rousseau, Voltaire, Victor Hugo and Emile Zola."

The author was considered to be a very delicate little boy. He was the seventh member of a family of eleven. The only thing he liked about school was playing football or running home for dinner.

He entered his father's business for two years as a tailor and says this served him in good stead later on when he lived in his caravan. He did not like the long hours and shop-keeping. He next served as apprentice in engineering and later as a draughtsman in a machine tool shop. Here contact with his fellows caused him to question most of the beliefs he held, religious and otherwise.

He became an ardent socialist, and had already become a vegetarian. Through a minister friend he had the joyful experience of life in a summer camp and felt loath to return to the close, unhealthy confinement of town life. He felt that "getting a living" and not living was just a form of slavery. He began work at 6 a.m. and stopped

at 5:30, and received the handsome sum of ten shillings a week.

His family objected to his sympathies with labor and vegetarianism was a heresy to them. To him it seemed that their religion was not a matter of individual conscience, but simply a sophisticated method of defending the status quo.

The question of religion was the great obstacle in his early home life, and he came to regard Sunday as a day of horror. His father who was superintendent of the Sunday school even threatened to burn Dugald's few books dealing with Tolstoy, Plato, Descartes and the Rationalist Press Literature. Gradually Dugald's health weakened and he felt forced to leave home for the sake of all concerned. He went to a little village about a mile away where he had been in the habit of spending most of his Sunday afternoons amongst Quakers and folks with a progressive outlook. It was here that he met a Unitarian, the father of his future wife. He was in his early twenties when he had a camping experience which decided him on putting camping to a more permanent test. Thoreau, in his writings, had shown Dugald Semple that the simple life was no mere dream or theory, but a practical solution to the complexity of our social system.

When cold weather came, Dugald moved from the tent into an old omnibus, as he had not time to build a hut. His health continued to become better and better with his open air experiment. As springtime approached, the "contrast between life at the Moss and working in a stuffy office appeared greater than ever, until there was a gnawing at my soul for more freedom. The more I studied ways of escape, the more barriers came into view. My object was to find out the real meaning of life, not by mere theory or mere practice, but by a wise combination of both. Living the simple life soon taught me this—happiness is more akin to education than to social conditions, and it is therefore he who knows how to make the most of his present circumstances that is most likely to be happy. Self-sufficiency was my new ideal, and it has stood me well in the test."

"Search for truth,
Wher'er 'tis found,
Amongst your friends,
Amongst your foes,
On Christian or on pagan ground,
The flower's Divine wher'er it grows."

This young man's idea of the simple life was merely the elimination of non-essentials to give more time for art, music, literature, leisure and the cultivation of all that was beautiful. He left the engineering work and began to sell his thoughts both in writing and lecturing.

He started a literary society which became a success. He had a great deal of faith in God and one of his favorite verses was the one from the Sanskrit beginning "Look to this day, For it is life, the very life of life." He went on a caravan tour with two friends, lecturing about the countryside; and during the First World War gave lectures on food economy.

Later on, after his marriage, his life became a little less ruggedly simple, but the entire effect of this autobiography was to make me wish to make my life more simple and to resolve to do so in this coming year.

I do recommend that you read this book. We clean house in the Springtime and in the Fall. Why not take an inventory of our complicated living that sometimes becomes so hectic and clean house in the department of personal living.

Mr. Semple for twenty years was Nature Correspondent to the Glasgow Bulletin and wrote a weekly illustrated article. He lectured in London, in various parts of Scotland and as far south as the Isle of Wight. He says of his lecturing: "Were I to state the subjects that I have lectured upon, probably you would think I have been traveling for a new kind of encyclopedia. His visit to Norway in 1938 was his first visit to a foreign shore.

Under a heading "Why Work?" the author tells us:

"To know what it is to live is a joy unknown to most people. There is no reason why we should need to work so hard with all the labor-saving appliances of modern science. We are indeed taking a long time to learn, as Aristotle put it, the 'activity of the speculative life.' He said, too, 'That the noble enjoyment of leisure was the object of all true education.' But remember that idleness is not what is meant by leisure any more than slavery is what is meant by work. Amusement is not what is meant by leisure any more than games is what is meant by recreation. I mean by leisure the life of the soul, the enjoyment of the real things of life."

"Our aim should be not so much to live long as to live well. As the old lady well said:

" 'If we live well here,
We will live well there.
Though I preached for a century,
I could tell you nae mair.' "

Joy in Living, by Dugald Semple, does something restful to the soul of him who reads it.

Opening Church Dinner For The 48th Year!

ON Wednesday evening, October 21st, at 6:30 o'clock in Anderson Hall, the Professional and Business Woman's Club will sponsor the opening church dinner of this 48th year of the Peoples Church. It is planned as a welcoming home dinner to Dr. and Mrs. Bradley by the entire church membership.

Guest artists will be Rose Marie Krainik, soprano, and Beverly Saunders, accompanist, who will present a Victor Herbert Musicale. Unrath, Caterers, will serve the dinner. Please make your reservations early, to insure plenty for all. $3.75. Make reservations with Mrs. Harrison, at the church office. LOngbeach 1-6878.

First Regular Meeting Of The Woman's Club

FERN Fels is the guest artist, a dramatic "story-teller" who will give a dynamic program at the first regular meeting of the Woman's Club on Tuesday, October 6th, in Anderson Hall, at 1:00 o'clock. In addition to being a dramatic artist, Miss Fels is a writer and a TV personality. Invite your women friends. Guest fee, 50c.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

MY first thought, as I started to tick out this little article on my electric portable typewriter, was the phrase "Summer is over—" and I never think of that phrase without there arises in my mind's eye a picture of Jimmy (J. Bradley-Griffin, Dr. Bradley's foster son) as he did that delightful bit of comic verse "Summer is over, The old cow said." Some of the members of the Uptown Players who were associated with Jimmy used to object to his doing this little bit as an encore. They felt that Jimmy's ability to do the classics placed him above this little bit of comic art. But Jimmy could go from the sublime to the ridiculous with such perfect ease and facility, shutting the door on one as he opened the door on the other, taking his audience with him at will, that I was always delighted when he gave us a comic bit. I felt that it was consummate art when one could be so at ease and so excellent in both phases of the dramatic art. The evenings of poetry that I was privileged to hear, as Jimmy sat at the piano and played his own accompaniment, will always be a high light in my cultural memories.

Summer isn't over today as I write this, for it's hovering around 90 degrees again. And summer wasn't over on September 13th, when a lovely couple who are members of the Peoples Church, celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary. I am writing of the celebration which Mrs. Paul Shenefelt gave to her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Rufus Lee, at the Lee home, 5703 Newark Street.

Dr. and Mrs. Lee knew Dr. Bradley back in Michigan, before he became the pastor of the Peoples Church. Mrs. Lee was for three years the President of the Woman's Club of the Peoples Church, and was loved by the entire club membership. Dr. Lee has done a great deal of research in Pan-American countries, travelling back into the jungle of the headhunters' country in South America, and bringing back authentic colored slides of the life of the natives. He has shown some of these pictures to the dental association; also to various camera clubs of the city, to one of which Dr. Lee belongs. His pictures were used by the Saturday Evening Post two years ago in connection with an article they published about the headhunters. Dr. Lee combines sound effects and Pan-American music with his showings of slides.

Not being satisfied with one hobby, Dr. Lee took up the growing of giant dahlias a few years ago and has won many prizes at several flower shows, not only with his dahlias but also orchids which are grown in his private greenhouse.

Every Mother's Day Dr. Lee gives to Dr. Bradley for distribution in the church several orchids, and on the opening Sunday of church there were several baskets of his beautiful giant dahlias decorating the pulpit.

Mr. Paul Shenefelt, Dr. and Mrs. Lee's son-in-law, served at the punch

bowl in the lovely garden at the back of the Lee home. Virginia, his wife, and her sister-in-law, Robert Lee's wife, acted as hostesses in the dining room of the home. Robert, the son, was official photographer.

Mrs. Lee sat in the scenic window of the dining room, where she met guests as they came from the garden to the house. There were friends from the church, friends from the dental association, friends from among the dahlia growers and from the Masons.

It had at first been planned to hold the celebration in Anderson Hall of the church, but it was finally thought best to hold it at home, in case Mrs. Lee's strength was not equal to a greater occasion. This limited the number of guests more than holding it in Anderson Hall would have done. But Mrs. Lee bore up very well under the happy event and was at her post in the window, where she could overlook both garden and home, until the last guest had gone.

Dr. and Mrs. Bradley were able to arrive in the evening, as Dr. Bradley had been appearing on TV at Urbana, Illinois, and had to make the drive in to Chicago through heavy traffic in the late afternoon.

The Lees' many friends wished them many long years of continued happiness. The home was beautiful and contained many lovely floral tributes as well as golden gifts.

This is our second 50th Wedding Anniversary for this summer. Who will be next? We are getting to like these celebrations!

I shall first take from the Mail Bag a letter from Mr. Dugald Semple, the author of the book *Joy in Living,* reviewed in our Book Chats this month:

8th September,
Rose Cottage, Fairlie,
Ayrshire, Scotland.

My Dear Friend, Dr. Bradley:

Very many thanks for your kind and appreciative letter of 19th July. It was a real joy to receive such a warm-hearted gift from your pen, and I feel so encouraged to continue the good work. "Joy in Living" has sold well and reviews have been very good. I have written a series "A Crank Among the Yanks," dealing with my American Lecture tour, for the Glasgow "Evening Times" which has brought me much correspondence.

Yes, I would love to visit America again, but am kept very busy with lectures now until next March. What a pleasure it would be to speak in that beautiful "People's Church!"

Most of my books are sold out, but I will send you leaflets about those which are still to be had. You would enjoy my "Looking at Nature" which I could send, as only a few of second edition are available.

I hope you have enjoyed your trip to Europe, and are glad to be at your island retreat. It seems quite Thoreau-like and just wish I could visit you there. Do write me when you return to Chicago, and all blessings for your good work.

Ever in Fellowship,
Dugald Semple.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Twenty-five years ago my son and I attended your church one Sunday and were greatly impressed by the service.

Some time later you came to Shelbyville, Illinois and I heard you again, and not so long ago you were in Springfield and I heard you. Many times in the past I have turned on the radio to hear you. Even now I have before me a sermon, "Is Death the End?" delivered by you April 17, 1938, on an Easter Sunday. I have

just finished reading it over, as I have done several times in the past.

I am past 81 years old. I have been a student all my life of the Bible and books of science, and naturally feel the time of my departure is not so very far off—and then, what?

I, too, have written a thesis on Heaven quite in line with your Easter sermon. I hope you will take time to read the enclosed thoughts from the paper, and if you care to do so, I should be glad to have your comment.

Do you still broadcast? If so, when, and what station?

Here is the quote from my thoughts:

"This is the prophecy that some of us may live to see come true, but which I most firmly believe. The time will come when the ministry will no longer hold up heaven in the right hand and eternal punishment in the left hand and exhort the people to accept Christ for the purpose of escaping hell and gaining heaven, as many of the Protestant clergy are doing now. If you will take *all* of the sayings of Christ, in red ink, and carefully study all his recorded sayings, you will find that the mission of Christ was, not to teach men to *believe on Him to escape hell,* but *how* to live among our fellow men, or in other words, Christ came to teach the brotherhood of man. John 15:12. 'This is my commandment, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends.' The teachings of Jesus are saturated with the thought of brotherly love of man to man.

A God that can create the universe, the earth and life on it, as we know it; that could send His son Jesus to live among men to teach us how to live, is able and can be trusted to make such disposition of our souls as He sees best."

Just now I am wrestling with the thought, What is the soul? Have you a suggestion?

Ira A. Leitch,
2305 S. 10th St.
Springfield, Illinois.

* * *

On stationery of the Jewish National

LEAVES OF BROWN

Autumn is the achievement that Nature struggles for throughout the year. In Winter, all life fights against the cold, like the world struggling out from under the glacier. In Spring there is the bursting forth, the struggling and wiggling of new-born and new-budded creatures and plants, and then Summer's duel with the sun. Then comes Autumn, the struggling ceases.

This is the time to find yourself a densely wooded grove, where the floor beneath your feet is padded with soft brown leaves, the restful colors of the trees stand out against the lead gray sky, and the silence is broken only by the chattering of squirrels as they fling themselves from limb to limb . . .

Deep in the heart of this woodland, find yourself a tree stump just the right height, sit down on it. Then, look deep into the farthest reaches of the forest, and, moving your eyes slowly from tree to tree, observe what an abundance there is of pure serenity. It's everywhere around you — gather some of it, like ripe walnuts, and take it home with you.

—Printsmith

Fund, 42 East 69th Street, New York, came this letter:

My dear Dr. Bradley:

Thank God for the Spirit of America, and for the broad humanity represented by our glorious country! That one of America's great clergymen has helped to make the Judge Marovitz Dinner such an outstanding success is a tribute to you, as it is to the cause that we have the honor to represent. It is heartening to have your outstanding support of what we are doing in Israel to help develop and create a civilization that we hope will represent the highest concept of man.

Sincerely yours,

Mendel N. Fisher,
Executive Director.

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

When patronizing our advertisers please mention "THE LIBERALIST"

OUR GRATITUDE TO MAGIKIST RUG CLEANERS

Magikist Services are carrying two-thirds of the financial burden of the Sunday broadcast over WLS at 11 a.m. all during the season.

Early in June they arranged to sustain the hour on Station WLS for the summer, with the cooperation of the station and myself. The Peoples Church and myself are deeply grateful for this courtesy and encouragement, and take this method of publicly expressing our appreciation.

The radio response proved that the hour's program, consisting of music, inspirational thoughts and poems, was an inspiring experience for those who were unable to attend the church services, the shut-ins, the ill and those in institutions. Again, for the summer program and for the continuation of the Sunday morning church broadcast, we say "thank you" to Magikist.

Preston Bradley

A friendly hint from a neighbor

A recent nationwide study conducted by the Central Automobile Safety Committee of Kemper Insurance revealed that seven out of ten persons killed or injured in traffic accidents are innocent victims of law-violating drivers.

Here's a tip that may save lives, perhaps your own: KNOW and OBEY traffic laws and DEMAND and SUPPORT strict and impartial enforcement of realistic traffic laws.

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SUMMER FUNERALS

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Mr. Charles Stewart
Mr. Henry French Hawkins
Mr. Michael A. Friend
Mrs. Amanda Brockhurst
Mr. Alfred Hermanny
Mrs. Lucia S. DeMotte
Mrs. Almeda Poncher
Mrs. Augusta A. Rein
Mrs. Emma E. Sangernebo

DR. BRADLEY'S SUMMER ENGAGEMENTS

JUNE

20—Sailed for Ireland on SS "Mauretania"

28—Two sermons. First Unitarian Church, Dublin, Ireland.

JULY

5—Sermon. First Presbyterian Church, Belfast, Ireland.
Sermon. All Souls Church, Belfast, Ireland.

6—Anniversary Luncheon. Dr. D. Frazer-Hurst, 50th Anniversary Ordination.

12—Sermon. Unitarian Church, Trowbridge, England.
Sermon. Trimm St. Chapel, Bath, England.

15—Address. Paris Lions Club, Claridge Hotel, Paris, France.

17—Attended Friday night service at Liberal Jewish Synagogue to hear Dr. Julius Mark of Temple Immanuel, N.Y.

19—Attended service at American Cathedral. Worshipful and historic building used by U. S. Forces during the Great War. Sermon by the Very Rev. William S. Leo, Dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in Denver.

25—Witnessed service in the Basilica in Florence, Italy.

26—Attended Methodist Church in Rome, located at Bridge of St. Angelo. Bishop Carson of the Diocese of Pennsylvania preached. Visited Hadrian's Tomb and Vatican.

27—Visited St. Peter's.

28—Visited St. Peter's again and the tombs below.

29—Visited Castle Gondolfo, Summer Palace of Pope John XXIII for audience with Pope.
In evening visited Vatican Museum and Sistine Chapel.

AUGUST

2—On board "Independence." Naples, Genoa, Cannes, where King of Morocco with two sons and entourage of 25 came on board.

3—Attended Captain's reception and met King of Morocco.

4—Anchored off Tangiers, N. Africa. Saw the King board his yacht, sailing for home. Anchored off Cape of Gibraltar.

8—Met U. S. Ambassador to Pakistan.

9—Attended service on board.

10—Arrived New York.

12—Arrived Duluth, Minn.

16—Went to several churches by radio.

18—Celebrated 71st birthday.

WEDDING

August 28—Mary E. Clarke and Karl J. Beller

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Service ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service (November to Easter) ..... 7:00 p.m.

Junior Church, Parents invited to accompany their children..... 9:30 a.m.

Choir rehearsals every Sunday, September to June. New members welcomed..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club (single adults) 1st and 3rd Sundays, Anderson Hall..... 5:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Reviews (January and February)..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club: First regular meeting, Tuesday, October 6, in Anderson Hall of the church. Guest artist, Fern Fels, dramatic "Story Teller;" author and TV personality. Dynamic and humorous program. Meetings are 1st and 3rd Tuesdays ..... 12:30 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club will sponsor a church dinner on Wednesday, Oct. 21, to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Bradley home. Guest artists will be Rose Marie Krainik, Soprano, and Beverly Saunders, Accompanist, in a Victor Herbert Musicale. Dinner by Unrath, Caterers, $2.50. ..... 6:30 p.m.
Sunday afternoon Teas are held once a month, first Sunday ..... 4:00 p.m.

Men's Club: On Tuesday, October 27th, in Anderson Hall, the Men's Club will present Mr. L. E. McCloy, who will show colored slides of his latest lecture, "Around the World, I Think." Ladies' Night. Refreshments. Guest fee $.50.... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*.

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave. ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule
Every Sunday

WLS, Broadcast of entire morning service..... 11:00 a.m.

WCFL, Dr. Bradley's Vesper Broadcast ..... 5:45 p.m.

WSEL, Rebroadcast of morning sermon (104.3 FM) ..... 9:30 p.m.

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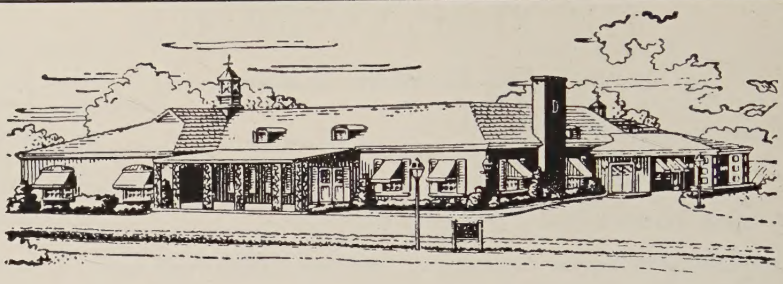

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ATTEND CHURCH

PARTICIPANTLY. Those who only sit and watch miss the warmth of spirit which comes from the self-forgetful singing of a hymn. Great words of scripture search and find the one who allows his mind to follow where they lead. Prayer reaches the heart that unites in it, in spirit and in truth. Music speaks when listening is active; then he who hears begins to understand the message of the bards.

ATTEND CHURCH

PURPOSEFULLY. Bring the days that are to be into God's house, seeking to know His will for the coming week. Sometimes the answer rings clear in a sermon which you feel "was meant for you."